

The Mirror

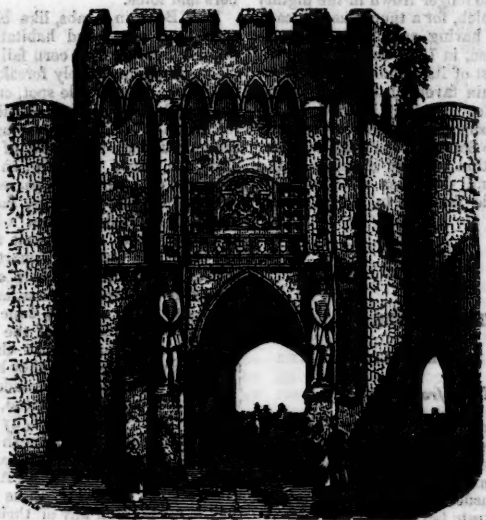
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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BAR GATE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

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The Normans, or, according to some, the Saxons, erected this structure, which decorates the High-street of Southampton. Such works, before the progress of science rendered artillery so effective in war, were considered to give great strength and importance to towns and cities. The town and bar are thus treated by Leland:—

“The old town of Hampton was brent in time of warre, spoyled and rasy’d by French pyrates. This was the cause that the inhabitants there translatid themselves to a more commodious place, and began, with the king’s licens and helpe, to builde New Hampton, and to waull ytin defence of the enemies.

“Ther be yn fai and right stronge waulle of New Hampton; these gates, first barre-gate by north, large and well embattellid. In the upper part of thys gate is domus civica, and underneth is the toun prison. Ther is a great suburbe without

this gate, and ther is a great double dike, welle waterid on eche hande without it; and so four tours in the waulle (whereof the 3 a corner tour is very faire and stronge) to the east gate.”

This ancient fortification stands at the northern extremity of the old High-street. It consists of a central arched passage, eighteen feet in length, and four in width; on the sides are two lateral passages, or doorways. Though the date of this gate is carried, as already stated, back to a more ancient period, the architecture is thought to prove that it was finished or re-built in the time of Edward III. It is both machiolated and embattled. Its north front, which is presented in our cut, is adorned with two gigantic figures, one on each side of the principal gateway, said to represent two giants, or a giant and a knight of the olden time. The former was named Ascapart, or Ascapard, the latter Sir Beres, or Beris, of Southampton. It

is a popular tradition that the giant, after being the scourge and the terror of the neighbourhood, at length fell beneath the conquering sword of Sir Bevis. The Town Hall, as in the days of Leland, stands over the arches. It is fifty-two feet long, and twenty-one wide.

Though the Bar has not always been improved by the alterations which from time to time have been deemed necessary, it has still a noble aspect. The ancient battlements no longer frown in the dignity of solitude which, for a time, was the case. Southampton having, as Gibson, in his edition of Camden, in 1695, writes, "lost its trade and most of its inhabitants." Commerce has again favoured the town; many opulent families have been induced, by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, to settle there, and the South Western Railway has brought it within an easy distance of the metropolis, and doubtless rendered this venerable relic familiar to many of our readers.

THE ARABS.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

(Concluded from page 285).

When we stated just now that the Arabians had never been subdued, we referred to them as an entire nation; some portions of them have been kept in subjection. The unvanquished hordes live in places where none can penetrate but themselves. Many are the sovereigns that have attempted to subdue them, but have retired unsuccessful. When pursued, they fly before the enemy to their secure abodes, in thick impenetrable woods, in frightful hollows between high mountains, or they descend into the sloping caverns which they have formed within the bowels of the earth, where their enemies cannot follow them, except singly, in which case they would be massacred by those waiting for them within these dreadful retreats. These Arabs descend from the mountains to rob the adjacent villages and plunder caravans coming from countries which do not pay them for their friendship.

They have something in their appearance peculiar to themselves, and are easily distinguished from other Arabs. The latter generally carry more arms, and are better clad; but the unvanquished hordes have a martial, fierce, and artful look, distinguishing them from others. They are not black, but of a deep copper colour, and are in general tall and well made, with good features. A dark baracan, which at times

but ill conceals them, and an immensely long gun, is all they are usually burdened with. Many of them have received their arms, with a horse, as an invaluable legacy from a dying parent, to whom, while on his death bed, they have sworn to revenge him on his enemies. These Arabs never fall upon their prey but in large bodies. It is only by passing them quickly and unexpectedly that travellers are safe, or in such large parties as to overawe them by their numbers and force.

The Bedouin Arabs, like birds of passage, have no settled habitation. When the fine weather and corn fail them in one place, they immediately forsake it, and travel on to a more fertile spot, carrying their families, houses, and cattle with them. All the cattle of each family stand close by the tent, under a shed made of date leaves. They are placed in a row, and one thick spardate, or straw rope, passed along the bottom of their fore-legs, fastens all at once. The Bedouins sow wheat, barley, and other grain. They wait the growing and cutting it, and then depart for another part of the country. Their chief manufacture is woollen baracans, and webs for the tents. This work is done by the women, who make no use of the shuttle, but conduct every thread with their fingers; and then with a machine they have in their hand, not unlike a comb, made roughly of wood, press down each thread, as they lay them across. The texture, by this means, acquires a degree of strength and thickness, and a workmanlike appearance, quite peculiar to the hand of an Arab. Notwithstanding the work these women do, they never take off any of their ornaments—neither their bracelets for their arms or legs, nor their ear-rings, with which they may be said to be weighed down. They never omit dying their eyelashes black, painting their eyebrows, and carefully plucking out all stray hairs from them, making them the shape, length, and breadth that pleases their own fancy, without the least regard to the form they had received from nature; so that in these and other respects they do not seem more exempt from fashionable follies than the ladies of Europe. The female sex is much the same in mind and desire throughout the world; and we learn the wisdom and justice of the question left unanswered by the prophet, "Shall a maid forget her attire?"

When the Bedouins, or Arabs, converse, they sit down in a circle; the man who speaks makes a smooth place with his hand on the sand, with his finger, continuing his discourse, and smoothing the spot from time to time, to begin again with his strokes. They are so much accustomed to this manner, that in failure of a sandy

spot, an Arab talking to a Christian will take hold of his hand, and mark with his finger on the palm of it, or if that is not permitted, on his own, the strokes necessary for the points of his argument, and smooth it over again at certain periods. The Bedouins still retain many of the customs we read in sacred and profane history. They are, in almost everything, the very same people they were some thousand years ago. They greet each other with the old salutation of "Peace be with you," beating, at the same time, the right hand on the breast. The Bedouins are, in general, tall, thin, and well made; the women do not seem to be of the same opinion as some ladies at Tripoli, who think that if they are not too fat to move without help, they cannot be strictly handsome, to aim at which they actually force themselves, after a plentiful meal, to eat a fine small wheaten loaf, soaked in cold water.

On the dark blue tops of the mountains of Gouriana, is a very curious village of Arabs. The habitations are at the very summit of the mountains, not to be easily distinguished but by those who inhabit them, as they are all built deep under ground, in the bowels of the mountains. Blaquiere, in his "Letters from the Mediterranean," vol. ii., p. 36, tells us:—"An officer in the service of his highness has given me the following account of the manner in which these people live. They first dig a large square cavity in the earth, about twenty feet deep, while its length and breadth are proportioned to the number of people designed to become its future occupants. From each side, several subordinate apartments are made, for the purpose of being converted into sleeping places, magazines, &c. The entrances go in a sloping direction, and are sufficiently high to admit a camel; and, during the night, or in the day time, both the family and its flocks take refuge in these receptacles, when apprehensive of danger from an attack."

The Arabs are still superstitious, though not so much so as formerly. Before the time of Mahomet they were grossly idolatrous. Though varied, the basis of this superstition—for such is every religion but that of the Christian—was sabaism, or star worship. This is, however, we think, the most natural and the least gross form of idolatry. The beauty, the glory, and the number of the nocturnal luminaries, especially in an eastern sky—the sun rejoicing, as a bridegroom coming from his tent, and the moon walking in brightness—were probably first adored as the visible and brightest emblems and most useful servants of the Creator, until the Creator was finally forgotten and lost in the creature. The apparent influence exercised by

the heavenly bodies over nature, was still more calculated to lead them from admiration to adoration. In the processes of husbandry, they observed the seeds and grain of plants to maintain a constant sympathy with the apparent movements of the heavenly bodies. Hence the well-known signs of the Zodiac.

The Arabs supposed that the stars exercised control over the weather, and were, consequently, inhabited by angels, or beings of a nature intermediate either between man and angels, or angels and the Supreme Being; and hence paid them divine honours, for the supposed benefits they dispensed to mankind, through their intercession. The worship of the black stone of the Kaaba is of far earlier date than the progress of Islamism. In the first centuries of the Church, the spread of Christianity in Arabia was rapid, but it sunk too soon into heresy, and was finally swept away by the sword of the false prophet. Excepting the monks near Mount Sinai, there is not, we believe, a single Christian minister of any description throughout the whole of Proper Arabia. In the present day, the greatest portion are Mohammedans, though of different sects, and some few still Magians, or worshippers of the sun. In the fifth and sixth centuries, Arabia was as far distinguished above Europe, in science and literature, as the latter is now over the Arabians. Christianity has made less progress with the wandering Arabs, than perhaps with any other people (and is less likely, judging from human appearances, to do so, for from their social habits, their isolated and warlike character, and their generally bigoted devotedness to Mahomet, who was born in their country, there appears far less probability of its penetrating their towns than other parts of the Asiatic continent.) Turkey is on the decline, and will soon, as we believe, according to prophecy, be dried up, that the way of the Jews, "the kings of the east, might be prepared;" and should the sword of Christian Europe hasten the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, or should it, as most likely, fall to pieces of mere decay, this might remove present obstacles, and greatly facilitate the entrance and progress of our religion in these countries; but the same cannot apply to the Arabs, especially the straggling horde. We think the Jews will first return to their native land, which will be coeval with the final overthrow, or entire dilapidation of the Ottoman empire; and then may the children of the bond woman and the free be more than they were before Hagar's banishment, one household, and alike free and happy in the "one faith and one Lord." Christianity has already converted barbarism into refinement, exchanged igno-

rance for wisdom, and the most deadly aversion or unyielding indifference into good-will and devotion. The conversion of the Arab will, with that of his half brother the Jew, be one of its most stupendous achievements; and the time, we trust, is approaching when "Arabia's desert ranger," shall bow to Him who is alike the Father of Isaac and Ishmael, and their hand be with every man, and every man's hand with them.

THE SPA-FIELDS WORTHIES.

The parties interested in the Spa-Fields Burial Ground are not a little disturbed by the proceedings which have recently taken place. When the subject was first broached they were particularly anxious to meet the enemy. Five pounds' reward were bravely offered for the detection of the incendiary who had reflected on the fair fame of that snug concern. They wanted the foe to come forward, and happily they have been gratified to their heart's content.

They are making active preparations for defence. Among other prudent steps, they have taken some of the earth scratched up in their burial place, and placed it in the hands of a chemist to be analysed. Had they not better bring some of the coffin plates which they tore off, to be examined and compared with the tin in their pockets?

They have good reasons to move in this cause. It is not merely the burial fees that are at stake, but if the number of funerals be reduced from eighty or a hundred a week to five or ten, what a falling off there must be in the revenue formerly derived from the sale of teeth and hair, of which the dentists and hair-dressers—those wholesale manufacturers of beauty—used to look for a noble supply from that locality.

It seems, however, it is a vulgar error to suppose that breathing the odour arising from putrefying bodies is unwholesome. Sir James Graham says the Bishop of London lived some years in Bishopsgate churchyard, and he and his family were never more healthy in their lives. There is no accounting for the varieties of opinion. Horace says there is no disputing about taste. We may say now, there is no disputing about smell.

However, something is likely to be done at last by the legislature to check the monstrous evil so long the subject of just complaint. Parliament will do its duty, and Mr. Walker will no longer exclaim in vain—"Let, the public voice call upon the legislature at once to discharge two great duties of piety and charity—to preserve the health of the living, and to se-

cure from outrage and insult the remains of the dead."

The Great Gun, that really formidable engine of reason, as well as humour, has opened its fire on the ghoulies. In "Brown's Elegy" (not Gray's) it has paid the parties some well-merited compliments. The poem, supposed to be written by Mr. Brown, a bonnet-maker, who is said to have been engaged to officiate as minister, thus concludes:—

"But yet those bones, from insult to protect,
Though burnt as soon as I have closed my job;
The sexton, by false modesty unchecked,
Implores the passing tribute of a bob.

Upon some trusty one each spoon relies,
Some show of care each mourning friend requires;
Ev'n in Spaffelds the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the exhumed dead,
Doat in these lines their flare-up tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some body-snatcher should inquire thy fate.

Haply some honny, knowing blade may say,
O't have we seen him from his counter bound
Putting his bonnets hastily away,
To meet a corpse before it reached the ground.

There by the crack in yonder sinking wall,
'That seems cement in its old lines to need,
'Man that is born of woman' he would call,
And pore upon the book he scarce could read.

One morn I missed him near the 'customed slab
Behind the chapel where he used to go;
Another came, nor did he hear his gab
In Exmouth-street or in Northampton-row.

The next, with dismal grin in wild dismay,
Slow on the treadmill steps we saw him mount,
Approach and read for thou can't read the lay,
(The Times gives of the varlet this account).

THE SHAM PARSON'S STORY

Here moves an ornament to prison earth,
A chap to decency and truth unknown;
Fair bonnet making frowned not on his birth,
And thriving humbug marked him for her own.

Large was his business, and his price was high;
Bird did as largely pay his imoudence;
He called a solemn funeral 'all my eye,'
And gained—'twas all he cared for—eighteen-pence."

No further seek his secrets to disclose,
Nor from his impious doings draw the veil,
Where, hid from vulgar eyes, they seek repose;
'The bosom of his country and his goal.'

On the arrival of Dr. Wolff in England.

(For the Mirror.)

The votaries of humanity,
Who long had raised 'o' Wolff the cry,
Their fondest hopes o'er cast,
Now he has safely crossed the main,
Rejoice, the cry was not in vain,
For Wolff has come at last.

* It has been publicly stated that eighteen-pence was the price paid for reading the funeral service,

THE LATE LORD HILL.

In the lately published life of this nobleman, we find some passages dear to English annals. There are many stirring scenes and striking incidents. From his early history we are struck with his apparent unfitness for a military life. Like Nelson, he seems to have been in boyhood singularly mild, and almost effeminately delicate. He was not only gentle in his carriage, but so tenderly disposed that a common-place accident which others would disregard, or laugh at, seriously disturbed his nerves. He was sent to Mr. Winfield's school, at Chester, and there this tenderness was strongly exhibited. Miss Winfield says:—

"His sensibility was almost feminine. One of the boys happened to cut his finger, and was brought by Rowland Hill to my mother to have it dressed; but her attention was soon drawn from the wound to Rowland, who had fainted. Mrs. Winfield, happening to see him on a visit to Chester—for he invariably sought her out at every opportunity—after one of his achievements in the war, brought this fact to his recollection, remarking that she wondered how he could have acted with such coolness and vigour in the midst of the dreadful scenes of carnage surrounding him. 'I have still,' he replied, 'the same feelings; but in the excitement of battle all individual sensation is lost sight of.'"

It seems strange that one who could act a distinguished part in the scenes of awful carnage with which he was long familiar, should have been so easily moved, as it has been seen that he was. In some cases his delicacy becomes almost ridiculous. For instance:—

"Just before he joined his regiment for the first time, he sickened at the sight of a human heart preserved in spirits, shown him by his medical attendant; and after he had entered on his military duties, he was unable to look at a prize-fight between Humphries and Mendoza, near the windows of his lodging, and was taken out fainting from the room. No common observer would have imagined for an instant that the army could have been his choice: yet as every one knows that bully and coward may be almost placed in the list of synonyms, so gentleness and bravery, sensibility and courage, and we may add humility and piety, are capable of a similar classification."

Now let us see how this faint-hearted youth could act his part in the "tented field." We first take the battle of Busaco.

"Our position," says Major Sherer, "extended nearly eight miles along this mountainous and rocky ridge, and the ground on which we formed, inclining with a slope

to our own rear, most admirably concealed both the disposition and numbers of our force. At the foot of this position reposed that evening the forces of Portugal, who were wont at sunset to gather in circles round their officers, and chant forth their vespers. Their eyes now first beheld the seventy thousand invaders of fatherland—an appalling spectacle, as the rays of the setting sun were reflected from their arms. Only twenty-five thousand Portuguese were about to engage with them in their first great combat; but they were aided by an equal number of British, commanded by Wellington and Hill. The dawn of the 27th ushered in the decisive day. While yet the grey mist rested on their mountain couch, the enemy came on. The watchful picquets had heard their preparation, and the British were standing silently to arms. Regnier with two columns, and Ney with three, rushed up against the convent, and the well-known battle of Busaco ensued. The whole corps of General Hill was thrown into open column, and moved to its left in the most perfect order and in double quick time. The effort of Massena was directed against the right of Lord Wellington, which he expected to turn; and, ignorant of the presence of Generals Hill and Leith, he imagined that his troops were engaging with its extremity. To the surprise of the French, the forces under these officers suddenly emerged from their previous concealment, and halted at the spot whence the brave 74th had just driven back a column of the enemy, and were retiring in line, regular, compact, invincible. The only signs of recent encounter were their colours ragged with the shot of their opponents. Soon after the British commander and his staff galloped to the spot. 'Hill,' said he, in a decisive tone, 'if they attempt this point again, give them a volley and charge bayonets, but do not let your people follow them too far down the hill.' But they had had quite enough. Regnier now found what it is to be near the British; and the French, instead of returning to the onslaught, occupied the remainder of the day in removing their wounded; and some of them actually shook hands with the English soldiers, as they slaked their common thirst from a narrow rivulet that ran at the bottom of the hill. The Portuguese behaved valiantly; while on Marshal Beresford and the English officers, amongst whom was Colonel Thos. Noel Hill, rested the high honour of their discipline and military bearing. General Hill's division was, as has been seen, ready in the exact place where it was needed, but was not engaged; still his presence rendered essential service. Every other general's conduct also, including the names

of Picton, Palk, Cole, Crawford, and Leith, was worthy of their leader, their country, and the cause in which they fought. The night which succeeded this memorable day afforded to the occupants of the mountain scenes of indescribable grandeur. The whole country beneath them glowed with countless fires, showing thousands of shadowy forms of men and horses, mingled with piles of arms glittering amidst the flames. These gradually subsided into glowing patches of red embers gemming the black bosom of the earth, and all seemed to threaten another mighty conflict at the dawn of day. The men under Hill were kept in their full accoutrements, and each with his musket by his side, front and rear ranks, head to head, lay upon the mountain, awaiting the morn, and expecting that an assailable gorge near at hand would be the point of attack. This expectation was not realised. Towards evening the French moved with the design of cutting off the allies from Oporto, or bringing on an action where the ground was more in their favour."

At Arroyo de Molinos the wary caution of a wise commander humanely anxious to save the lives of his men, and the gallant devotion of the soldier, regardless of his own safety, command our especial admiration. The surprise of General Girard was most admirably managed. The narrative has on the reader the effect of a well acted drama. That Girard should have suffered himself to be thus out-generalled was a matter of disagreeable surprise to his countrymen. The affair is thus described:—

"The weather was wretched in the extreme; but the soldiers did not fail in a long forced march instantly undertaken in the most perfect quietude, that no symptom of their approach might alarm the enemy. By the evening of the 27th they were at Alcuescar, within four miles of their unconscious foes. Every conceivable precaution was resorted to. The light companies were thrown into the villages to prevent the natives from alarming the enemy; and the cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were disposed of in the neighbouring fields, with the strictest orders not to cheer the cold and gloomy night with a single fire, the flickering of which might give indication that they were near. The wind blew furiously; the rain fell in torrents; and the patient soldiery had no protection from the storm, except the drenched coverings of their tents, which the gale had thrown down; but their patience and confidence in the leader they loved deserted them not. They were warmed by the flush of expectation that the morning would recompense them for all their toils; and the first streaks of dawn had not ap-

peared in the horizon, when the various columns fell in, without a single note of a bugle or the beat even of one solitary drum. The ground was admirably chosen with a view to concealment: they filed quietly through the village, and, having crossed an intervening mountain, found themselves, just as the day began to break, within half a mile of Arroyo, where Girard was yet in security, ignorant of their presence and his own danger. At this instant a violent hail-storm pouring on the rear of the allies, caused the faces of the French picquets to be turned from them; but just as they were ready to make the decisive movement the clouds cleared away, the sky became serene, and the hostile corps was preparing for their march, in expectation of a propitious day. The decisive moment had arrived. General Hill was himself inspired, as was every brave man he commanded, with the enthusiasm of the scene. The usual calmness of his demeanour, rendered even more than commonly striking by the precautions he had taken for silence, became suddenly converted into an animation that cheered, and almost amused every witness of his ardour. It seemed kindled in an instant. He drew his sword—gave a loud hurrah—spurred his horse—and led the charge on the astonished ranks of the French, then forming without a thought that he was so near at hand. The first brigade, headed thus vigorously by himself, moved at once on the village of Arroyo, and the Highlanders catching up the humour of the hour, were heard playing on their bagpipes, '*Heigh Johnny Cope, are you waking yet?*' The second brigade, under General Howard, moved quietly round to the other side of the place, to intercept the troops which the first should drive out. In the centre came the cavalry, ready to act in whatever way might be deemed expedient. Presently the 71st and 92nd regiments dashed into Arroyo, and came upon the French just as they were filing out, with the exception of one brigade, which had marched for Medellin before daylight. This charge first announced to them the snare into which they had fallen; and with only a feeble effort on the part of their cavalry, they were driven before the bayonets of the British. The French infantry, nevertheless, having emerged from the town, tried to form into two squares with cavalry on their left; but the 71st lining the garden walls of the town, poured into them an awful fire, which was soon succeeded by that of artillery. They fled in utter confusion, and the capture of prisoners, cannon, and baggage, rapidly followed. Then came the memorable pursuit of that extraordinary day. Just behind the routed forces of Girard rose the rocky and steep

Sierra de Montanches, up which they clambered in a state of utter confusion, throwing away their arms, ammunition, and knapsacks, and yielding their persons as prisoners to their pursuers at every step. In the excitement of such a chase the British, the Portuguese, and the Spaniards, seemed all to forget that they had been without rest, and soaked with rain and mist all the night before. They laughed, shouted, jumped in their heavy accoutrements, or caught the scrambling horses of the fugitives, who could not ride them over the mountain, and came down mounted in triumph, till fatigue caused some to desist, and the rest being too much scattered, were judiciously stopped on the summit of the Sierra by General Howard. Nearly fifteen hundred prisoners were taken, and some of them of high rank. Lieutenant Blakeney, of the 28th, leaped over a wall, and seized the Prince D'Aremberg in the midst of a group of officers. General Brun was also taken, with a colonel of cavalry, an aide-de-camp of Girard, two lieutenant-colonels, a commissaire de guerre, and no less than thirty captains and inferior officers. Girard himself, with a handful of men, escaped by the bridge of Medellin, declaring he would rather die than surrender. It was altogether a most brilliant achievement, and is thus eloquently adverted to by Major Sherer in his recollections of the day. 'One thing in our success at Arroyo de Molinos gratified our division highly: it was a triumph for our General—a triumph all his own. He gained great credit for this well-conducted enterprise: and he gained what, to one of his mild, kind, and humane character, was still more valuable, a solid and bloodless victory; for it is certainly the truest maxim in war, 'that conquest is twice achieved, where the achiever brings home full numbers.' Indeed the loss in his division was most trifling, while a deep blow was inflicted on the enemy. Girard was wounded before he escaped, and Soult afterwards arrested him, and reported him to Bonaparte, who knowing that he was, notwithstanding this misadventure, a thoroughly brave soldier, pardoned him in the expectation of future services.'

We must add a scene from the ever memorable fight at Waterloo.

"Sir Digby Mackworth, who was on the staff of Lord Hill, has kindly communicated what he witnessed of his general's efforts at the grand crisis of the day. 'He placed himself,' Sir Digby states, 'at the head of his light brigade, 52nd, 71st, and 95th, and charged the flank of the Imperial Guard, as they were advancing against our Guards. The light brigade was lying under the brow of the hill, and gave and received volleys within half-pistol shot

distance. Here Lord Hill's horse was shot under him, and, as he ascertained the next morning, was shot in five places. The general was rolled over and severely bruised, but in the *mêlée* this was unknown to us for about half an hour. We knew not what was become of him: we feared he had been killed; and none can tell you the heartfelt joy which we felt when he rejoined us, not seriously hurt.' When the tremendous day was over, Lord Hill and his staff again re-occupied the little cottage they left in the morning. His two gallant brothers, Sir Robert Hill and Colonel Clement Hill, had been removed wounded to Brussels; the party was, nevertheless, nine in number. A soup made by Lord Hill's servant from two fowls was all their refreshment after hours of desperate fighting without a morsel of food. Lord Hill himself was bruised and full of pain. All night long, the groans and shrieks of sufferers were the chief sounds that met their ears. It was to them all a night of the greatest misery. The men whom the nations of Europe were about to welcome with acclamations, and to entertain in palaces, could only exchange sigh for sigh with each other in a wretched cottage. Such is war even to the winners. May a gracious God soon make it to cease in all the earth!"

To this nothing need be added, to justify the assertion of the Duke of Wellington, that no calamity can be greater than a victory—except a defeat.

THE TRADING JUSTICE.

Our able and intelligent correspondent, Mr. Andrews, in sketching the peculiarities of the last century, forgot one rather conspicuous character—the Trading Justice. This was a personage supposed to be necessary to the administration of justice, which he sold and perverted,

"According as the guineas ran."

Still it was considered he was, in the main, of service to society in general, as were the blood-money seekers, and the wretches who bred, taught, or harboured thieves, as a kind of live stock, till the time arrived for profitably betraying them, or as they facetiously termed it, for sending them to market—the Old Bailey, preparatory to their being hanged at Tyburn.

To this class belonged one Sir Thomas De Veil, a name now almost forgotten, though in his day he was deemed of considerable importance, both by the ignoble great and the reckless poor. The former knew how through his means to get easily out of scrapes, into which their excesses had

plunged them; and the latter, where they had succeeded in making and concealing a valuable booty, found means to move the worshipful magistrate, to take a lenient view of their case. His history is curious.

The father of this person was the Rev. Dr. Hans De Veil, a man of great parts, extensive learning, and good family in Lorrain. He came over into England before the revolution, exercised his function in the established church, was made library-keeper at Lambeth, and was well esteemed by archbishop Tillotson, his patron. His wife was a good economist; so that his son Thomas passed his childhood under strict discipline, both as to his morals and learning. He was born in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1694: at sixteen was placed out to a mercer in Queen-street, Cheapside. During a short continuance here, he discovered a readiness and activity which promised him success in that business; but his master failed; and his father having exhausted his purse in putting him apprentice, he went into the army as a common soldier.

His facility in learning languages recommended him to Lord Galloway, then commander-in-chief of the Portugal expedition; who finding him worthy his confidence, and employing him in services of moment, as a reward entertained him in the capacity of a secretary, and soon after gave him a troop of dragoons.

In this station he contracted an acquaintance with several officers of distinction, particularly Col. Bladen, raised also for personal merit, by which he obtained an interest that afterwards contributed greatly to his advancement.

His regiment being reduced, he came over to England; and finding it impossible to maintain his family, and gratify his taste for pleasure with his half-pay, he had recourse to soliciting business at the war-office, treasury, and other public boards; drawing up petitions, cases, representations, and memorials, for which he opened an office in Scotland-yard; and as he wrote good French, as well as English, understood most modern languages, and was intelligent and active, he gained both reputation and profit.

His friends, for his further benefit, proposing to get him into the commission of of the peace for Middlesex and Westminster, he declined the affair till he had acquired a perfect knowledge of the nature and power of that office, which done, he commenced justice in 1729.

His activity as well as his intelligence gave him distinction in the class to which he belonged. The other trading justices looked upon him with envy and hatred. He impudently affected a vast regard for

virtue, and declared that he did not consider justice merely as a commodity which he was to vend for money.

(To be continued.)

THE UNTOMED MARINERS.

(A SCENE REALLY WITNESSED IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.)

Our ship was tight and brave,
Well trimmed and sailing free,
And she flew along the mountain wave
An eagle of the sea,
The red cross fluttering yet,
We lower'd the noble sign,
For the bell had struck, it was past sunset,
And the moon began to shine.
Her light was fitful, fang
From a sky of angry gloom,
Thick hurrying clouds o'er the waters hung,
Their hue was of the tomb.
And we talked of battles past,
Of shipwreck, rock, and shore,
Of ports where peril or chance had cast
Our sail the wide world o'er.
The watch looked by the lee,
A shapeless log was seen,
A helmless ship it appeared to be,
As it lay the waves between.

Oh 'twas a fearful night,
That helpless thing to see,
Swimming mastless and lone at high midnight,
A corpse on the black, black sea!

Our chief on deck up sprang,
We lay to in that hollow deep—
Below as our voices and trampling rung,
The sleepers sprang from sleep.

The boat we loosed and lower'd,
There were gallant hearts to go,
The dark clouds broke that the moon embower'd,
And her light shone cheering through.

And we watch'd that little boat
Pull up the mountain wave,
Then sink from view, like a name forgot,
Within an ancient grave.

They go—they climb the hull,
As the waters wash the deck,
They shout, and they hear but the billows dull
Strike on that lonely wreck.

The skeletons of men
Lay blanch'd and marrowless there,
But clothed in the living garb as when
That 'reft ship was their care.

Lash'd to their planks they lay,
The ropes still round them tied,
Though drifted long leagues in that stormy bay,
Since they hop'd, despair'd, and died.

Tombless in their deen,
Mid the watery solitude,
Days dawn'd upon them and faded away,
Cold moons their death-sleep view'd.

Their names no trace may tell,
Nor whither their passage bound,
And our seamen leave the desolate hull
With death and darkness round.

Self-government.—Restrain your wishes: though they at first appear as beggars, they will soon be masters of thee.—*Talmud.*

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO RHENISH GERMANY.

PART III.

After passing through the defiles of rock, which have been adverted to, we unexpectedly emerged into an expansion of river, studded with islands, and bordered by gently sloping vineyards of great extent. Before, however, we left these clefts and dens of enchantment, we were startled by the report of a gun from the shore, which was immediately re-echoed by ten distinct replies, from the adjoining Lurlei mountains, whose echoes have given birth to many wild tales of superstitious belief. This was succeeded by the sounding of a hunting horn, to which the Lurlei sent back its decimal number of mimic winding answers, and then, with the dissolution of the charm, our course was free throughout the beautiful winding stream, which here opens upon us majestically, until further progress became impeded for awhile, by the appearance of a raft gliding rapidly down with the current—an object, which, a few years back, was almost the only burthen which could be found afloat on this river.

The construction of the rafts is rude and simple in the extreme, consisting merely of large trees lashed athwart each other, forming a stratum of about 900 feet in length; and on this foundation wooden houses are erected, to the extent sometimes of a dozen or fifteen, comprising bed-rooms, sitting-rooms, kitchens, with all the conveniences, and many of the luxuries, of a London domicile. The material of which all this is formed, is felled in the forest of the Murg; and when complete in all its details, and properly officered and manned, is floated down the river to Rotterdam as a saleable commodity, where it is broken up and disposed of. These masses of timber have not unfrequently on board as many as 900 workmen and rowers. To provide therefore for the necessities of such a garrison, during the voyage, an extensive stock of provisions is stowed on board, consisting, on an average, of 40 or 50,000 lbs. of bread, 18 or 20,000 lbs. of fresh meat, 10 cwt. of dried meat, 12,000 lbs. of cheese, 10 or 15 cwt. of butter, 30 or 40 large sacks of dried vegetables, 100,000 bottles of beer, 6 or 8 butts of wine, &c. &c.

Nothing can exceed the enlivening effect produced by the appearance of one of these floating habitations, decorated with parti-colored flags from the tops of its little dwellings, while the music of 150 rowers, singing in unison their cheerful strain to the deep plunge of the ponderous

oars, re-echoing its melody from rock to rock, fills up a scene of gladness, which at once communicates its joyousness to the voyager.

The termination of this day's journey at Mayence, brought with it most pleasing recollections of our more recent pilgrimage, and added unquestionably sweet sance, if any provocatives could be wanting, to a most *recherché* dinner, at our very comfortable quarters at the Hotel du Rhin, where the additional luxury of an aid-down quilt, so customary in Germany, in lieu of cumbersome blankets and counterpane, aided our slumbers until sunrise on the following morning.

An early walk before breakfast enabled us to see all that is noticeable here. Our Journal, however, would indeed be incomplete, were we to omit recording the beautiful bronze statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, which graces the public square, supported by a marble pedestal. The moral influence which that pre-eminently important discovery has exercised throughout Christendom has rendered this city, as the birth-place of so important an era in the march of civilisation, at all times an object of veneration to the scholar and philanthropist. National zeal has thrust forward many claimants to the proud distinction. The fact, although not altogether free from doubt, would seem to be, that the year 1490 first witnessed impressions from wooden blocks, the invention of Koster, of Haarlem, while the grand improvement by cut metal types, was achieved by Gutenberg, at Mayence, about the year 1439; his apprentice, Schoffer, completing the true efficiency of this invaluable art, by originating the method of casting and shifting metal type.

After revelling in *café*, and disposing of the other concomitants of a German breakfast, a return carriage conveyed us across the Rhine, and thence to Frankfurt, where we had hoped to have arrived in time for the celebrated annual fair, which is held in September. At this customary meeting, merchants and merchandise from all quarters of Europe, congregate in all the variety of European dress and language. Our visit, however, was too late to enable us to see more than the bones and sinews of this famous re-union.

Recollecting the tastes of our male friends at home, and being besieged on all hands by Meerschaum pipes, we ventured to fix our affections on one of apparently modest pretensions, to serve as a Frankfurt "Fairing," but fancy our utter dismay, on learning that the expense of our whole journey would scarcely cover its cost! These pipes, which are made from a clay found in Anatolia, are formed by pressing

the soil in moulds immediately it is excavated. They are then baked, and finally boiled in milk, preparatory to the process of friction, with a fine soft leather which produces the high polish we find them to bear. Their great value is acquired by the deep yellow or tortoiseshell colour, obtained only by long smoking. From two to fifty guineas is no uncommon price for one, while those which claim a valuable pedigree, by service, under an unquestionably eminent fumer, command a much higher figure. Such a patron as the Pacha of Egypt, his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, would at all times enhance its value very considerably.

Frankfort and its suburbs offer a remarkable contrast to what we had hitherto seen in the Prussian dominions. The extensive modern edifices of the wealthy merchants rising up in proud rivalry beside the old Flemish buildings—the broad paved and well lighted streets—the princely hotels and other establishments—the picturesque public walks which surround the town, with the additional charm of the Main, which flows by its side, make this a capital halting place for a few days.

Here, as in every other town in Germany, the principle upon which the hotels are conducted, combine perfect ease, convenience, and sumptuous fare, with the purest economy, a characteristic which certainly does not apply with equal force to similar establishments in England. Noble and spacious mansions, constructed for the purpose with studious regard to the uses for which they are designed, supply the place of our not unusually ill-contrived and worse converted dwellings. With the exception of the general *salon*, and a few other private rooms, every chamber, spacious and lofty, embraces the conveniences of a sleeping and sitting apartment, access to which is obtained at all times by the key bearing a number corresponding with that of the room, which is placed on a numbered peg in the hall whenever the occupant may be absent. At stated hours meals are provided in the *salon*, and at an extremely moderate fixed amount, where the luxuries of the season and the country are provided with a profusion, although truly agonising to a dyspeptic man, yet most cheering to the well-conditioned traveller. These are, moreover, strictly social meetings, for here the whole of the establishment of both sexes are brought together, with the more frequent addition of some of the male inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who, most probably, have never eaten a meal under their own roof since their pupillage. The more fastidious can have their wants supplied in their own room, but for ourselves the social habit of

a daily intercourse at the same table, afforded us increased pleasure in meeting with many distinguished English families, whom we could have never presumed to approach under any other circumstances, and whose acquaintance, of course, terminated with the meal itself. To crown all, "boots, waiter, and chambermaid," are exactions totally unknown in Germany.

In adverting, however, to the improvement which continental habits obtain in this and some other respects over our own customs at home, we would not be understood as employing a predilection in favour of every novelty which claimed notice throughout our peregrinations, but merely as recording a contrast to that, which every one accustomed to journey beyond the sound of Bow bells must have observed for himself, as inherent in the mass of our yet more favoured and justly envied community in Great Britain.

A couple of days at Frankfort decided our next movements to the baths at Wiesbaden, Chlangenbad, and Langen-schwalbach. Shouldering our knapsack, the only baggage we possessed, we commenced our pedestrianism. Forgetting that the measure of one German mile is that of five English miles, we did not reach the hill which crowns Wiesbaden, until some hours after the stars hung out their lamps. Having no previous knowledge of the locality, we were gladdened at a moment when our blistered feet and flagging spirits began to fail us, suddenly to descry the village from the top of the hill, embosomed in the valley below; its glittering light, seen from the eminence overhead, presenting a sweet yet curious spectacle.

This pretty neighbourhood has much to recommend it as a resting-place to the man of science, to the invalid, and to the light-hearted pleasure seeker, although forming a group of most uncongenial spirits; yet here is ample scope for each to pursue his individual taste without clashing with the pursuits of his neighbours. A locality so replete with antiquarian remains, is not often found. Ancient baths, tombs, urns, rich with their enclosures, and numerous other relics of Roman origin, are here to be seen, while mineralogical and botanical rarities are turned up every day.

The valetudinarian has all that he can desire within his reach. A continued round of amusements, curiosities, and excursions to the beauties of the suburbs, flow on uninterrupted day after day.

An establishment on a very grand and extensive scale, called the Cursaal, is here erected for the use of persons taking the waters, consisting of a splendid dancing room, refreshment, card, billiard, and other rooms, with one of the most extensive sa- loons in Germany, lighted with a magni-

ficent chandelier, and six large and beautiful lustres, with thirty-two dark marble pillars supporting its painted ceiling. Among the numerous statues which grace the apartments, is a cast from the Apollo Belvidere, the original of which, in the Louvre at Paris, struck Campbell, the poet, with such force, that as he said, "From the farthest end of the spacious room, the God seemed to look down like a president on the chosen assembly of sculptural forms, and his glowing marble, unstained by time, appeared to my imagination as if he had stepped freshly from the sun. Every step of approach to his presence added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name, in classic poetry, swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music."

(To be continued.)

The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CHAPTER VI.—CHAMPS-ELYSEES.

About two hours after Rodin's interview with Adrienne, numbers of people who were attracted to the Champs-Élysées by the serenity of the weather, stopped to admire a magnificent equipage, containing three persons, Adrienne, the Marchioness de Morinval, and the Count de Montbron. Adrienne, amid the display of Parisian luxury which surrounded her, was thinking of Djalma, when she was startled by a bouquet of violets falling in her lap, at the same time hearing an infantine voice exclaim, "For the love of God, a sous, my good lady!"

Adrienne turned her head, and saw a poor little girl in rags holding out her hand with a supplicating look.

Although the striking contrast of extreme misery, in the midst of extreme luxury, was so common, that it was not remarkable, Adrienne was deeply affected, for it brought to her mind the remembrance of the Mayeux, and leaning out of the carriage, she said to the little girl, "Have you a mother, my child?"

"No, madam, I have neither father nor mother."

"Who takes care of you, then?"

"Nobody, madam. They give me bouquets to sell, and if I do not sell them they beat me."

"My dear Count," said Adrienne, "will you lift the child into the carriage?"

The Count having complied with this request, Adrienne said to him, "We will now make off with our prey as quickly as possible. Order the postilion to drive to the Hotel."

"Now," thought Adrienne, "until I can find the poor Mayeux, which I shall endeavour, by every means in my power, her place will, at least, not be empty."

What strange coincidents take place. At the moment that Adrienne was thinking of the Mayeux, a crowd of persons began to collect in the path.

"Look, uncle, there is a crowd collecting," said Madame de Morinval to the Count.

"Shall we stop the carriage, and send to inquire what is the matter?"

"I think not," said the Count, drawing out his watch. "It is nearly six o'clock. The wild beast exhibition commences at eight. We have just time to return to dinner; besides, after I have conducted you to the Porte St. Martin, I shall be obliged to return to the club for half an hour to introduce Lord Campbell."

"Then you will not be with us, uncle, at the exhibition."

"You may rely on it, I shall; for I am as desirous as you are to see Morok, the famous beast tamer."

At the moment that Adrienne's magnificent equipage took the direction of the rue d'Anjou, the crowd, of which we have spoken, gathered round one of the large trees in the Champs-Élysées, and here and there, exclamations of pity proceeded from this group.

"What is the matter?" inquired a passenger of a young man.

"It is said," replied the latter, "that a young girl, who is humpbacked, has just fallen down from want."

"Hump-backed! That is no great matter," said he, with a brutish laugh, "there are always plenty of such people in the world."

"Hump-backed or not," said the young man, restraining, with difficulty, his indignation, "if she is dying of hunger, it is not the less sad for that, and it is certainly, sir, no subject for laughter."

"Dying of hunger—nonsense! Indolent wretches, who are not willing to work, alone die of hunger."

"I will wager there is one thing you will never die of," cried the young man, indignantly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you will never die of a broken heart."

At this reply the passenger, who was no

other than the Baron Tripeaud, turned on his heel, and walked away.

The Mayeux, for it was she who had just fallen, exhausted by misery and want—wishing to save the Bacchanalian Queen, who had returned to Paris, from a most dreadful fate—had found courage to brave all the biting raillery, that had so much affrighted her, and was, when she was so much overtaken by exhaustion, pursuing her way to the house of Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

Two hours after this an immense crowd assembled at the Porte St. Martin, for the purpose of witnessing the exhibition of Morok, who was to engage in a mimic combat with the famous black panther of Java, called Death. Adrienne and Monsieur and Madame de Morinval soon arrived at the theatre where they were to be rejoined by the Count de Montbron, who had left them to go to the club.

CHAPTER VII.—BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The immense theatre of the Porte St. Martin was filled with an impatient crowd, for as M. de Montbron had told Mademoiselle de Cardoville, all Paris was eager to witness the performance of the famed beast-tamer. Morok was dressing himself in a room assigned him for that purpose. Above his armour he wore large red pantaloons, that were fastened at the ankles, with bright copper rings, and his dark Turkish robe was also fastened at the wrists and waist with rings of the same metal. This sombre costume increased the sinister appearance of the beast-tamer's physiognomy. Seated in a corner of the room, gazing at him, with a sort of stupid admiration, was Couche-tout-Nu, who, since the destruction of M. Hardy's factory, had not quitted Morok, passing his nights in orgies, the fatal effects of which were withstood by the iron constitution of the beast-tamer; but the features of Jacques were, on the contrary, greatly changed; his hollow cheeks and pale countenance betrayed the ravages of intemperance, and bitter smiles were almost constantly on his lips, yet his intellect, formerly so lively and animated, still struggled against the besotting influence of almost continual intoxication. Unaccustomed to work, and unable to refrain from indulging in pleasure, he sought to drown, in wine, the remaining feeling of integrity that gnawed at his heart; for he had become so degraded, as to accept, without shame, the brutalising sensualities that were paid for by Morok, who, in order to keep him entirely dependant, took care never to entrust him with money.

After Jacques had gazed at Morok, for

some minutes, he said—"It is a proud business your's; you can boast that there are not two men like yourself in the whole world—it is flattering—what a pity you don't confine yourself to this—"

"What do you mean?"

"The conspiracy, at the expense of which you regale me both day and night."

"That is going on very well," interrupted Morok; "but the moment has not come yet! this is why I wish to have you near me until the great day—have you any reason to complain?"

"No," said Jacques, "what should I do? if I even desired to work, I have not now strength, burnt up as I am with brandy. I have not, like you, a head of marble, and a body of iron; however, it prevents me from thinking."

"Of what?"

"You know that when I do think, I think of but one thing," said Jacques, with a sombre air.

"Still the Bacchanalian Queen?" said Morok, with disdain.

"Yes, and when I cease to think of her, I shall be dead, or quite besotted."

The conversation was interrupted by the precipitate entrance of Goliah.

"What brings you here, thundering like a tempest?" demanded Morok, impatiently.

"There is a storm in the theatre; the people are getting impatient, and are shouting like madmen, but if that was all—"

"What else is there?"

"Death will not be able to perform this evening."

"Why not?" cried Morok, alarmed.

"It is lying at the bottom of the cage, with its ears flat on its head—you understand what that means."

"Is that all," said Morok.

"That is enough, for it is in one of its fits of rage. I have not, since it killed the white horse in Germany, seen it look so ferocious."

"Oh, if that's all, we will put on its beautiful necklace."

"It is not all," replied Goliah, with an embarrassed look.

"He is here!"

"Who—you brute?"

"The Englishman!"

Morok started, and his arms fell motionless by his side. Jacques was struck with the paleness and contraction of the beast tamer's features.

"Are you sure you have seen the Englishman?" cried Morok, addressing himself to Goliah.

"Quite sure. I looked through the hole in the curtain, and saw him in a box close to the stage; he is easily recognised by his round eyes and large nose."

Morok again started, and he appeared so troubled and affrightened, that Jacques said to him, "Who is, then, this Englishman?"

"I met him at Strasburg, from whence he followed me," replied Morok, unable to conceal his dejection; "he has travelled from place to place, stopping where I stopped, so that he might not miss one of my exhibitions. But he left me two days ago, before my arrival in Paris, and I thought I had got rid of him," added Morok, with a sigh.

"Rid of so excellent a customer," cried Jacques, quite surprised.

"Yes," said Morok, with increased dejection; "this wretch has bet an enormous sum that I will be devoured in his presence during one of my exhibitions; and he hopes to win. This is why he does not leave me."

The idea of the Englishman appeared so eccentric to Couche-tout-Nu, that for the first time during a long period, he burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

Morok, becoming pale with rage, rushed upon him with such a threatening air, that Goliath was obliged to interpose.

"Come," said Jacques, "don't be angry, if it is serious I'll not laugh any more."

Morok grew calm, and said to Couche-tout-Nu, "Do you think I am a coward?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, this Englishman frightens me more than either my tiger or my panther does."

"I believe you," said Jacques; "though I don't understand how his presence can frighten you."

"Only think," cried Morok, "that obliged to keep incessant watch on the slightest movements of the savage animals, which I keep subdued by my gestures and looks, how frightful it is to know that there are two eyes constantly fixed on me greedily waiting the slightest distraction, which might deliver me up to the jaws of these animals."

"Now I understand you," said Jacques, "it is indeed frightful."

"Yes, I in vain endeavour to shun his gaze, but his two large round eyes, fixed and wide open, appear constantly before me. My tiger, Cain, nearly seized me by the arm, in a moment of distraction, caused by this Englishman, who will yet be fatal to me."

"Besides," said Goliath, "the ears of Death are flat on its head; and I tell you, if you persist, the Englishman will gain his wager this evening."

"Leave me, brute, and do not trouble me with your ill-omened predictions," cried Morok.

"Well, every-one to his liking, since it is your desire that the panther should have

a taste of you," said the giant, leaving the room as he uttered this pleasantry.

"But if you are afraid," said Couche-tout-Nu, "why not tell them that the panther is ill?"

Morok shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Have you ever heard of the pleasure of the gamester, who risks his honour and his life on a single card? Well, I also, in the daily performances in which my life is at stake, find a pleasure in braving death before the shuddering crowds that are frightened at my audacity. In short, even in the fear which this Englishman creates, I find an indescribable and terrible excitement."

The beast-tamer was interrupted by the entrance of the manager, who inquired if the signal might be given; to which Morok replied in the affirmative.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

The usual notice being given, the overture began, which in this instance, was very little heeded, for the *beaux* and *belles* who had assembled in great numbers, were either engaged in conversation about a certain lady in such and such a box, or occupied with their opera-glasses in scanning their friends, real or imaginary, which they distinguished in the distance.

"Do you know, my dear sir," said one, "that 'Athalie' could not have commanded a more crowded or more select audience."

"Certainly; what are the jokes of a poor comedian compared with the roarings of a lion."

"For my part, I do not understand how they permit Morok to tie his panther to an iron ring at one of the corners of the stage. Should the ring break—"

"Speaking of broken rings, do you see little Mademoiselle Blinville, who is not a tigress. It is well for her that she broke the conjugal ring. She is looking well this season."

"What! I am surely not mistaken! Not it is she—"

"Who?"

"Mademoiselle de Cardoville! Here's a resuscitation! How beautiful she is! Lend me your glass. An angel! and what an eye! And then her mind! Jacques, three hundred thousand a-year, noble birth, and free as the air!"

"Yes, and to say that if she desired it, I might be the happiest being in existence."

"The thought is enough to make one mad."

"Do you see how she attracts attention. All eyes are fixed upon her. The boxes are all filled except that one opposite Mademoiselle de Cardoville. I wish it had been our luck to have had it."

"Hush! The curtain rises."

To comprehend the scene that followed, a short explanation will be essential.

In one of the boxes, at the left wing, sat the Englishman who had inspired Morok with so much fear. To depict with justice the singular and grotesque physiognomy of that man, the rare and fantastic genius of a Hoffman would be requisite.

He was about fifty years of age; his head curiously elongated, perfectly bald, not unlike in colour to a boiled parsnip. At the extremity of his brow, surmounted by eyebrows that formed two well-designed circumflex accents, shone two large green balls, divided by a thin nose of extraordinary length, and shaped like a parenthesis; a chin, the extremity of which was buried in a white neckcloth, that fastened a collar of the same whiteness, whose ends reached the middle of his ear. The colour of his bony visage was dark, almost of a purple hue, which added to the singular appearance of the green ball and white globe of the eye. His mouth, which was very large, was constantly screwed up to a whistling point, from which proceeded a Scotch jig (always the same air), and which he accomplished with a sardonic smile playing round the corner of his mouth.

When the strange and cruel desire which brought the better to the respective representations was known, his singular countenance, instead of exciting laughter, created a feeling of awe. The reader may now understand the fear experienced by the beast-tamer, when two large round balls followed him wherever he went, and seemed waiting with patience and surety till he was devoured by one of the ferocious beasts.

Above his box, offering an admirable contrast, was Adrienne de Cardoville, who was tastefully dressed, and held in her hand a large bouquet, composed of the rarest flowers of India. On her right was M. de Morinval, and on her left his lady. The box in front was still empty.

The stage represented, with admirable effect, a rich Indian forest. Adrienne, thinking, no doubt, of the passages she had read, was lost in contemplation, when the door of the box before her was opened, and a man, about forty, with dark skin, and dressed in a long robe of orange silk, fastened with a white sash round the waist. After having placed two chairs in front of the box, he looked round, startled, and then left.

It was Faranghea, whose entry and exit excited considerable sensation, which increased as a young man, of rare beauty, clothed in the Indian costume, with a long poniard, the handle of which sparkled with diamonds, entered.

That young man was Djalma, who remained a minute at the door, contemplating

the mass of spectators who had assembled. Stepping majestically forward, the prince, with ease and grace, sat down in one of the chairs; then, turning his head towards the door, he appeared astonished at not seeing some one enter whom he no doubt expected.

That person at last came. It was a lovely young girl, of fair complexion, who was dressed in the most costly and attractive attire.

The reader has already recognised Rose Pompon, who, notwithstanding her long gloves, and a ridiculous display of bracelets, contrived to expose her delicate and lovely arm, while, in her hand, she held a large bouquet of roses.

Far from imitating the calm and dignified walk of Djalma, Rose Pompon entered the box half running, moved her chair with a noise, and turned herself, to adjust her gown, several times before she was finally seated. Without being abashed by the splendid assemblage, she put her bouquet to her nose, then, with a smile and a mischievous look, she, at the risk of upsetting her chair, held it up to the face of Djalma.

Faranghea entered, shut the door, and sat down behind the prince.

Adrienne, her eyes fixed on the Indian forest, and lost in reflection, had not yet observed the new comers, and as her head was turned towards the stage, Djalma, seeing only the profile of Adrienne, had not yet recognised her.

(To be continued.)

SPORTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY MRS. C. NORTON.

I know your deep glens, where the eagles cry;
I know the freshness of your mountain breeze,
Your brooklets, gurgling downward ceaselessly,
The singing of your birds among the trees,
Mingling confused a thousand melodies!
I know the lone rest of your birchen bowers,
Where the soft murmur of the working bees
Goes droning past, with scent of heather flowers,
And lulls the heart to dream even in its waking hours.

I know the grey stones on the rocky glen,
Where the wild red-deer gather, one by one,
And listen, startled, to the tread of men
Which the betraying breeze hath backward blown!
So—with such dark majestic eyes, where shone
Less terror than amazement—nobly came
Peruvia's Incas, when through lands unknown,
The cruel conqueror with the blood-stained name
Swept, with pursuing sword and desolating flame.
So taken, so pursued, so tracked to death,
The wild free monarch of the hills shall be,
By cunning men, who creep, with stifled breath
O'er crag and heather tuft on bended knee,
Down-crouching with most thievish treachery;
Climbing again, with limbs o'er serpent and tired,
Watching for that their failing eyes scarce see—
The moment, long delayed and long desired,
When the quick rifle-shot in triumph shall be fired.

Look! look!—what portent riseth on the sky?
The glory of his great betraying horns;
Wide spreading, many-branched and nobly-high,
(Such spoil of the chieftain's hall with pride
adorns.)

Oh, Forest-King! the fair succeeding morns
That brighten o'er those hills, shall miss your
crest

From their sun-lighted peaks! He's hit—but
scorns

To die without a struggle: sore distrest,
He flies, while daylight fades, receding in the
West.

Ben-Doran glows like iron in the forge,
Then to cold purple turns—then gloomy grey;
And down the ravine-pass and mountain-gorge
Scarcely glimmers now the faintest light of day.

The moonbeams on the trembling waters play,
(Though still the sky is flecked with bars of
gold)

And there the noble creature stands, at bay;
His strained limbs shivering with a sense of cold,
While weakness films the eye that shone so wildly
bold.

His fair majestic head bows low at length;
And, leaping at his torn and bleeding side,
The fierce dogs pin him down with grappling
strength;

While eager men come on with rapid stride,
And cheer, exulting in his baffled pride.
Now from its sheath drawn forth, the gleaming
knife

Stabs his broad throat: the gaping wound
yawns wide:

One gurgling groan, the last deep sigh of life,
Wells forth with his gushing blood—and closed is all the
strife.

'Tis done! The hunted, animal Despair
That hoped and feared no future state, is past:

O'er the stiff nostril blows the evening air;
O'er the glazed eye real darkness gathers fast;

Into a ear the heavy corse is cast;
And homeward the belated hunter hies,

Eager to boast of his success at last,
And show the beauty of his antlered prize.

To her he loves the best—the maid with gentle
eyes.

And she, whose tender heart would beat and
shrink

At the loud yelping of a punished hound,
With rosy lips and playful smile shall drink

The Highland health to him, that circles
round.

And where the creature lies, with crimson
wound,

And cold, stark limbs, and purple eyes half-
closed,

There shall her gentle feet at morn be found! &
Of such strange mixtures is the heart composed,

So natural soft—so hard, by the cunning Custom
glozed.

ADDRESS TO KATE.

(For the Mirror.)

Canst thou possess a woman's heart,
And yet no beaming hope impart,
That might rejoice his weeping breast,
A lover true by deeds confess.

Religion tints his love so fair,
It seems that angels hovered there;
No one like him can tune love's lute,
Echoing still whilst all is mute.

It is not at another's call,
Virtue alone inspires his thrall—
A trap match by convenience laid,
That parent forced by subtle aid,
That be far from the sweet maid!

H. E.

DR. WOLFF'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

This gentleman, on whose account so much anxiety has been felt, is again safe in England, having landed at Southampton on Saturday last. Notwithstanding the hardships he has undergone, and the alarms which he has known, his health seems to be unbroken.

It is understood that he has brought with him information of considerable interest connected with the object of his mission. The real circumstances leading to the butchery of Stoddart and Conolly, are still the subject of anxious inquiry.

Dr. Wolff, we hear, has also brought home some relics of the victims; and, what we are rather surprised to hear of, some shawls, as presents from the Amfr of Bokhara. What could have subdued that ferocious barbarian to the pitch of bestowing marks of favour on the wanderer he made a captive, and threatened with death, we can hardly conjecture.

The character given of the Amfr by Khanikoff, agrees but too well with what has been reported of him by Dr. Wolff, and other Englishmen. According to him he is a usurper, and was strongly suspected of having found his way to power through fratricide. Nasr-Ullah, the present Amfr, had a brother who, on the death of their father, ought to have succeeded to that dignity. It was the object of Nasr-Ullah to supplant, but, in the first instance, he was foiled, and Hussein became the Amfr. This was in 1826. Not long did Hussein enjoy his elevation; within three months from the time of his accession he died, and it was supposed his days were shortened by poison.

Omah Khan, the son of Hussein, succeeded his father. Nasr-Ullah, however, still intent on gaining the only real object of his ambition, like our Richard III, is said to have represented, by his emissaries, that such a prince as his nephew was unfit to reign. Affecting loyalty, he stirred up insurrections against him, and with success. Town after town revolted, and withdrew from Omah, till at length the time arrived when Nasr-Ullah thought it safe to throw off the mask, and at length, in the palace of his ancestors he was saluted as Amfr.

Of the humanity and refined taste of this potentate some idea may be formed, from what Klanikoff tells us, of some of the ingenious arrangements made for torturing the unhappy under his own eye, at least within view of his residence. The Russian writer says:—

"The public edifices of Bokhara are:

"1. The palace of the Amfr (ark), built on a mound (whether natural or artificial I cannot say), having five sajènes, and

about one verst and a half in circumference. It has a square form, and contains about 20,000 square sajenes or twenty-two tanaps. On this arena are built the houses of the Amfr, the Vizier, the Shikh-Aval, the Topchi-Bashi, the Mirzai Defterdar, as well as the dwellings of the numerous retinue of the Amfr, and the above-named *grandees*; three mosques; likewise, the Ab-Khaneh, with some dark apartments to preserve water for the Amfr during the summer heats, but which are more especially appropriated to state prisoners, when they happen to give offence to their master; such were, for instance, the Kûsh-beghi and Ayaz-bey. From hence, to the right of the entrance, a corridor leads to another prison, more dreadful than the first, called the Kana Khaneh, a name which it has received from the swarms of ticks which infest the place, and are reared there on purpose to plague the wretched prisoners. I have been told, that in the absence of the latter, some pounds of raw meat are thrown into the pit to keep the ticks alive. This institution of refined cruelty has probably given rise to the fable of the pit of scorpions, of which I have repeatedly heard accounts given at Orenburg.

"2. The Zindan, or Dungeon is to the east of the Ark, with two compartments: the Zindan-i-bala (the upper dungeon), and Zindan-i-poin (the lower dungeon). The former consists of several courts, with cells for the prisoners; the latter of a deep pit, at least three fathoms in depth, into which culprits are let down by ropes; food is lowered down to them in the same manner. The sepulchral dampness of the place in winter, as well as in summer, is said to be insupportable, according to the testimony of an eye-witness."

It has not been remarked that the perils of Dr. Wolff's undertaking were possibly increased by the circumstance of his being a Jew. That unfortunate race are pursued at Bokhara, as fiercely as they formerly were in Europe. The cruel treatment to which they are constantly subjected is thus described by the writer already quoted:—

"The Jews form a very inconsiderable portion of the population; although long established in the Khanat. The greater number live in Bokhara, others at Kattakurghan, Samarkand, and Karshi. In all these places separate quarters of the town are assigned to them, outside the precincts of which they are forbid to settle, and therefore cannot intermix with the Mussulmans. Their rights and privileges are exceedingly restricted; thus, for example, they dare not wear a turban, but must cover their heads with small caps of a dark-coloured cloth, edged with a narrow strip of sheepskin, not more than two fin-

gers in breadth. Neither are they allowed to wear any other apparel than *khalats* of aleja, nor to gird their loins with a broad sash, still less with a shawl, but must twist a common rope round their waist. To prevent their hiding this distinctive mark, they are strictly forbidden to wear any flowing garment over the girded *khalat*. But the most galling and degrading persecution to which they are exposed, and one which cramps their active pursuits in life, is the prohibition to ride within the walls of the town, either on horseback or on asses. This prohibition is felt the more severely because the streets of Bokhara, after a copious shower of rain, can with difficulty be traversed, not only by foot passengers, but even on horseback, on account of the deep mud. Add to this, that any Mussulman may strike a Jew in the town without incurring any responsibility, and kill him with the same impunity outside the walls."

MESMERISM IN THE LAST CENTURY.

"There is nothing new under the sun." Even mesmerism would seem to be no novelty; at least, the following passage relative to "a maid about twenty years of age," from the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for Oct. 1747, seem a good deal in the mesmeric fashion. She had previously suffered from catalepsy.

"On the 5th of April, 1737, her physician found her confined to her bed; she was soon after seized with the cataleptic fit, which went off in about six minutes, as appeared by her gaping, stretching, and raising herself into a sitting posture; she then began to speak with a vivacity unusual at other times. Her discourse seemed to have some connexion with what she had said in a like fit, on the preceding day, when she repeated a kind of catechism she had learned, making moral and abusive applications of it to the persons in the house, whom she characterised by fictitious names. Her eyes were open, and she used proper looks and gestures, and every other sign of being awake, although she was in the deepest sleep, as appears by the following experiments.

"A blow was given her on the face with the palm of the hand, a finger was suddenly pushed so near her eye as to touch the corner, and a wax candle also held so near it as to singe the lashes; a person suddenly starting into the room, screamed as loud as he could in her ear; brandy and sal armoniac were put into her eyes and mouth, Spanish snuff was put up her nostrils, she was pricked with a needle in several places

and the joints of her fingers were distorted, without producing the least sign of sensibility, or interrupting her discourse. Soon after she spoke with greater fluency and cheerfulness; she sung, and burst out into frequent fits of laughter, making efforts to get out of bed, which at length she effected, dancing and showing other demonstrations of joy. She walked nimbly round the room, avoiding all other beds, chairs, &c., and returned to bed, covered herself up, and soon after was cataleptic. In less than a quarter of an hour the fit went off, and she awoke as out of a profound sleep, not knowing what had passed; but observing by the looks of so many about her, that she had been in a fit, she was greatly confused, and wept the rest of the day.

"Narcotics were used, and her disorder, though it returned every winter, seemed to abate. In 1745 the cataleptic fit did not precede the other, nor were her senses so totally suspended, which she attributed to the use of preparations of steel."*

Review.

Travels in Sweden. By Ida Countess Hahn Hahn. [H. Clarke & Co.]

The above work is a translation from the German; and, perhaps, some of our readers knowing the prolix character of many similar productions from that source, and the somewhat heavy style in which they appear, may perhaps feel little disposed to give the work a cordial purchase and perusal; but we can assure them that they will be amply rewarded in the trial on the present volume. The two great requisites for writers of travels are correct and comprehensive powers of investigation and discrimination, for want of which, many of their narratives are burdened with incidents of no interest; whilst antiquities, peculiar manners, or strange occurrences, though near at hand, lie out of their path. The two great objects that should be proposed, are entertainment and instruction, both of which should be equally pursued and combined like so many mathematical lines continually intersecting one another. All these are evidently in the volume before us. Moral affections are constantly interspersed in the volume, and different cha-

acters are presented to us in all the reality of life, with the dress and colours of a powerful imagination, which has a luxuriant stock of imagery at command, but which, guided by judgment is never employed when we should prefer its absence.

From Stralsund the traveller proceeds to Blaaland from thence to Stockholm, a space of more than ninety-eight miles. During this voyage, our fair traveller is obliged to endure the inexpressible weariness of a ship; nothing being visible to the eager, curious, and longing sight but the coasts of Bornholm and Öland, flat, unpicturesque, and distant; during which lost time she forcibly expresses the feelings of herself and thousands more under similar circumstances: "I did nothing—I attempted nothing—I gave myself up to weariness." The cold and rain drove our lady to the cabin, when she thus relates her experience, by no means flattering to the vessel or the voyager: "In a cabin I clasp my hands in gratitude to Wilberforce, and think of the abolition of the slave trade. So strongly do the confinement, the pressure, the disorder, and the atmosphere of a cabin remind me of the horrors of a slave-ship. I would not cast any reproach upon the 'Spithead;' but in a narrow space, and among so many people, a little confusion is unavoidable. The cooking department is especially horrible. Men whose hands are black with ashes and tar are washing the plates. One must swallow down every thing courageously! For my part I eat only bread and eggs—it is not easy to mix any foreign ingredients with them; but I drink with the greatest eagerness (you will hardly believe it, and I am, indeed, rather ashamed to own it, but I cannot help it), I drink wine—the common red wine—which, upon *terra firma*, I cannot bring myself to touch, it tastes so disagreeably; the sea, however gives it, I know not what irresistible charm. Do not be afraid that I shall return home from my sea-voyage as confirmed a wine-bibber as the ancient Vikings; half a glass morning and evening quite satisfies me, and all desire for it vanishes the moment I set foot on dry land." What an example to ladies of distinction, but neither the countess Hahn Hahn, nor the honourable Miss Catherine Ivatt, have any need of a screen, as we place the most implicit faith in the sincerity of those numerous virtues by which they are distinguished.

The history of Sweden, like our own, evinces a steady and irrepressible advance towards freedom; and speaking of the population at large, the countess, distinguishing between nation and individual freedom, observes—"Here freedom is confined to no rank, class, or position; it belongs to the

* The cold bath was made use of without success; on which the writer observes, that, though it be esteemed a specific against walking in the sleep, it must also have been ineffectual with respect to the man mentioned by Adrianus Almanus. because in these fits, he would swim over the river Seine without waking.

whole people. For it to be thus brought home to an entire nation, may require simple customs, few wants, great frugality, a scanty population, and a genuine love of rectitude; in a word, nothing of what we call civilisation; for that occasions and demands numerous wants, extraordinary labours, an immense population, and a great talent for making the sense of right dependent on circumstances. This necessity for individual independence isolates men, perhaps too much in ordinary circumstances, which, from their narrowness have always a selfish tendency; yet there comes a great and decisive moment, such, in Sweden, was the shaking off the hated yoke of Denmark, which caused the whole people to rise in arms, and bore Gustavus Vasa triumphantly to the throne. It seems as if something of the ancient habit still remained in their manner of speaking and acting on all important public affairs; for even in these later and more tranquil times no change of dynasty has taken place without fierce and tragical disturbance. Will the next be an exception? This question passed through my mind whilst a nephew of the Queen of Sweden, who was our fellow traveller from Blaaf, proposed to me a most whimsical plan for a journey through Lapland, in which he promised me much more pleasure and fewer difficulties than I should meet with in Norway. N.B. He is acquainted with neither Norway nor Sweden; but this is unimportant to a Frenchman."

We have only time for another extract, with which we must conclude our notice of this interesting and instructive volume. Speaking of the town of Upsal, the countess observes—"The town is very quiet. During the vacation, which happens in the summer, and lasts three months, the students go to their homes, and many of the professors into the country. It is a pity that I cannot see Sweden's youth, her young fresh blood, all collected together. It would seem a fraction of that eternal youth which is so difficult to believe in, in the old worn-out world. Early this morning, in the midst of the deep stillness, I was suddenly roused from sleep by the sound of a trumpet, which seemed to me like the sound of the last judgment. The angel who blew it was the driver of an omnibus, who went trumpeting through the streets to wake the water-drinkers, whom he was to drive to a neighbouring water-establishment. So the civilisation of this country, omnibuses and the water cure has already reached the sixtieth degree of north latitude, and I have reached it also. Yesterday evening, as we were returning home from Professor Geijers, at half-past ten, it was quite bright day-light, and we went afterwards to the castle-hill, where Gustavus

Vasa's bust stands. We were just in time to see the last beam of the setting sun; and then the changing colours of evening began to play over the sky; but here they are pale and lingering, not rapid and brilliant as at Cadiz: colours fail sadly in the north—the loveliest are on the faces of the women of the upper classes; a soft blending of white and red; a transparency of complexion such as beautiful fair-haired children have with us; and it is not only in early youth that they have this beautiful complexion, women in middle life retain it still, and it gives them something inexpressible soft and tender. Their hair and eyes are also light, and give additional softness to their expression. I should like to see one of these lovely heads upon a back ground of black velvet. Now and then we see hair and eyes of a darker hue, but scarcely ever among the common people, who are anything but handsome."

We shall only add that it is a sufficient recommendation to this small and cheap, but beautiful, *boudoir*, as a work of sterling merit, that it forms one of Clarke's Cabinet Series.

The Gatherer.

Port, Lawyer's Wine.—Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon perfectly agreed in one great taste—if a noble thirst should be called by so finical a name—an attachment to port wine, strong almost as that to constitution and crown; and, indeed, a modification of the same sentiment. Sir William Scott may possibly in his lighter moods have dallied with the innocence of claret; or, in excess of the gallantry for which he was famed, have crowned a compliment to a fair listener with a glass of champagne; but, in his sedate hours, he stood fast by the port, which was the daily refreshment of Lord Eldon for a large segment of a century. It is, indeed, the proper beverage of a great lawyer—that by the strength of which Blackstone wrote his commentaries—and Sir William Grant meditated his judgments—and Lord Eldon repaired the ravages of study, and withstood the shocks of party of time.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Domestic Pantomime.—In April, 1793, the late Lord Hill, visiting a literary gentleman in Ireland, having been shown into his room before dinner, and being about to dress, he looked round for the usual washing apparatus, but could see nothing of the sort. Just as he was on the point of making an effort to obtain these requisites of the toilet, he heard to his great surprise and amusement a cracking in the floor, and a trap-door gradually opened,

through which ascended, by a steady invisible movement, wash-hand-stand, basin, towels, hot water, and all other due accompaniments. He used to say he never met a parallel to this, except in the house of a gentleman who had a railroad made from his kitchen to his dining-room, to send in the dishes quick and hot.

Poets and their Subjects.—Exactly a hundred years after the birth of Dryden, Charles Churchill was born. More than a hundred years were between the two races of men. In 1631, Hampden was consoling Eliot in his prison, and discussing with Pym the outraged Petition of Right; in 1731, Walpole was flying at Townshend's throat, and suggesting to Gay, the quarrels of Lock-it and Peachum. Within the reach of Dryden's praise and blame, there came a Cromwell and a Shaftesbury; a Wilkes and a Sandwich exhausted Churchill's.—*Macaulay.*

The Raven and its Young.—Of the raven Guillim says: "It hath been an ancient received opinion, and the same also grounded upon the warrant of the sacred scriptures (if I mistake not) that such is the propertie of the raven, that from the time his young ones are hatched or disclosed, untill he seeth what colour they will be of, he never taketh care of them nor ministrerth any food unto them, therefore it is thought that they arein the meane space nourished with the heavenly dew."—*Lower.*

Change of Climate in Russia.—In Russia the scientific say the rigour of their climate is on the gradual decrease. The Academy of St. Petersburg has just published a series of observed facts relative to the winters of Eastern Siberia, in confirmation of this view. It is stated, that the phenomenon of freezing mercury, which, previously to 1820, lasted for as long as three days at a time, has, since, been growing continually more rare—till at late years, it has been observed only at the coldest hours of the night, and recently has not occurred at all.

Importance of Drainage.—In Manchester it was found that the draining and paving of twenty streets produced a diminution of mortality to the astonishing extent of twenty in 110.

The Wealth of a Russian.—M. Anthony D'Abbadie says, "the riches of the Bedouin consists in horses and camels, that of the Russian aristocrat in souls, i. e. in serfs, and so much are these slave-holders intent upon multiplying their property, that it is a general rule to marry children at the age of twelve or thirteen years. In order to show how this system works, I may just instance a fact which happened in my own house-

hold. I hired a foot boy of about thirteen years of age, the serf of a Russian nobleman with whom I was somewhat acquainted, and had reason to be satisfied with his services, when after the lapse of a twelvemonth, he one morning came into my room requesting me to grant him leave myself, and to procure that of his owner, to go to his village in the government of Kaluga. 'What do you want to do at home?' 'Why, please your honour, I have received a letter informing me that my wife has been delivered of a fine boy.' 'Your wife,' says I, 'why are you married?' 'O yes, master made me marry before he sent me to St. Petersburg.' 'But you have now been nearly a twelvemonth with me!' This oddly contrasts with the system established by authority in Poland. A short time since we are told the emperor of Russia had issued an order by which all natives of Poland are prohibited from marrying till they have completed their 30th year."

Great Agricultural Reunion.—An agricultural congress, after the fashion of the scientific associations which meet yearly in England and in various kingdoms of the continent, is to assemble in Paris, for the first time, on the 8th of next month, under the presidency of the Duc Decazes.

The Wonder Cavern.—The capacious cavern in Stoney Middleton Dale, known as the Wonder, is now closed up, probably for ever. Above the subterraneous passage which leads to the magnificent cavern, many tons of broken limestone were piled up with wood supporters at the time of the discovery of the cavern more than a century ago. The wood has given way, and the stone has fallen into the passage, from which it can, without Herculean labour, be scarcely removed. Had a party been in the cavern at the time of the falling of the stone, they must inevitably have been entombed alive.

Wolves getting Scarce.—Wolves are found in every quarter of the globe, but they are most rare at present in Europe, notwithstanding the hordes yet to be found in the fastnesses in the German forests. In England, in 1281, several were seen. In the year 1680, one was found in Scotland; and another was killed in Ireland, in 1710.

Love kindles Love.—When Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter, who died so early, why everything seemed to love her, she answered, "I cannot tell, unless it be because I love everybody." This was not only a striking, but very judicious reply. It accords with the sentiment of Seneca, who gives us a love charm. And what do you suppose the secret is? "Love,"

says he, "in order to be loved." No being ever yet drew another by the use of terror and authority.—*Jay*.

Worth trying in Cold Weather.—A correspondent of the *Times* says, "two sheets of imperial brown paper, pasted at the edges to form one (and at a cost of less than 3d.), if laid over a bed, with one blanket under, will produce more warmth than three ordinary blankets, or even a single coverlet will be warmer than one blanket only, and will last with little care a whole winter."

A Literary Veteran.—Archæologists and antiquaries will be pleased to hear that "the veteran" Mr. John Britton, who has so often played his part in what he poetically calls "the last act of the drama of life," is still living, and about to take another benefit in the old character. He is, it appears, actively engaged in forming a committee, which committee, in consideration of his long and varied services in the cause of archæology, is to invite him to a dinner at Richmond. And there to confer upon him a public compliment! A present of a piece of plate, he adds, would be useless to me. "I therefore recommend that my friends should offer a prize of 100*l.* for an essay on archæology—print the prize essay, and present an unique copy to me, and another" [unique copy, we suppose] "to each subscriber of one guinea—and a peculiar copy to all subscribers of a larger amount." How every word and phrase recalls the venerable man! He further submits to the friends, whom he requests to serve on the committee, that a literary life of J. B., with portrait, engraved title, with vignette, should precede the essay.—*Athenæum*.

The Ancient City Benefactor.—One Carpenter who died in the reign of Henry VI., left something less than £20, per annum for the education of four boys. The property by which this bequest was secured, now maintains the City School. Carpenter was the executor of the celebrated Lord Mayor Whittington; he was town-clerk of the city, and sometime its representative in parliament.

King's Painters.—The following is a correct list of the individuals who have held the once lucrative office of principal painter to the king, from the accession of George II. to the present time. Jervas, the friend of Pope, appointed by Lord Chamberlain's letter of 21st of November, 1727, died 1739; William Kent, appointed by Lord Chamberlain's letter of the 8th of May, 1740; John Shackleton, sworn in by the Lord Chamberlain, 15th of December, 1760, died 1767; Allan Ramsay, sworn in 9th of April, 1767, died 1784; Sir Joshua Reynolds, died 1792; Sir Thomas Lawrence

died 1830; Sir David Wilkie died 1841; Sir George Hayter is the present principal painter in ordinary to Her Majesty. The salary attached is 200*l.* a year.

Singular attachment of a Guinea Pig and a Pigeon.—A curious phenomenon in the natural history of animals took place in the house of a Mr. Eastman, of Walworth. Amongst his domestics were included a couple of guinea-pigs and some pigeons. The male of the former dying, one of the latter deserted his feathered companions, and associated chiefly with the little quadruped. The pigeon-house was shortly afterwards robbed of its inhabitants; and at the expiration of three months, the identical bird, which had been the companion of the guinea-pig, was discovered at a shop exposed for sale. Mr. Eastman repurchased it, and carried it to his house, when it immediately recognised its old associate, and manifested the greatest pleasure at the meeting. Henceforward the two animals were constant companions, and scarcely ever separated for more than a few minutes. If the pigeon was removed to any distance from the guinea-pig, he immediately returned on being at liberty, and expressed his delight by billing and cooing in the fondest manner imaginable. Whenever any person approached, the pigeon seemed to act as guardian, and they appeared in every respect as much attached to each other, as if they had both belonged to the same species.—A. S. W. L.

Alexander Soumet.—This well-known French poet died lately, and was buried on the 2nd instant at Mont Martre.

Elegant Extract.—Dr. Chadwick, on the subject of the Queen's Coronation, has produced a poem, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Eight horses draw the Queen
Behold thro' crystal screen;
A badge on velvet snow;
A coronet above brow;
An admiral at door;
Arms, marshalsmen, before;
At times a gracious bend,
Doth an attraction lend."

Capital! This would hardly be excelled by the author of

"Cowardly, cowardly custard,
Eat your father's mustard."

CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines to "Alexander," "The Acrostic to Myra," and "Reflections in a Cemetery," are respectfully declined.

"What do the leaders of *The Times* mean?" is shrewd and clever, but we cannot admit political discussion into the pages of the *Mirror*.

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